

MOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
—EDITOR.—

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JUNE 15, 1907.

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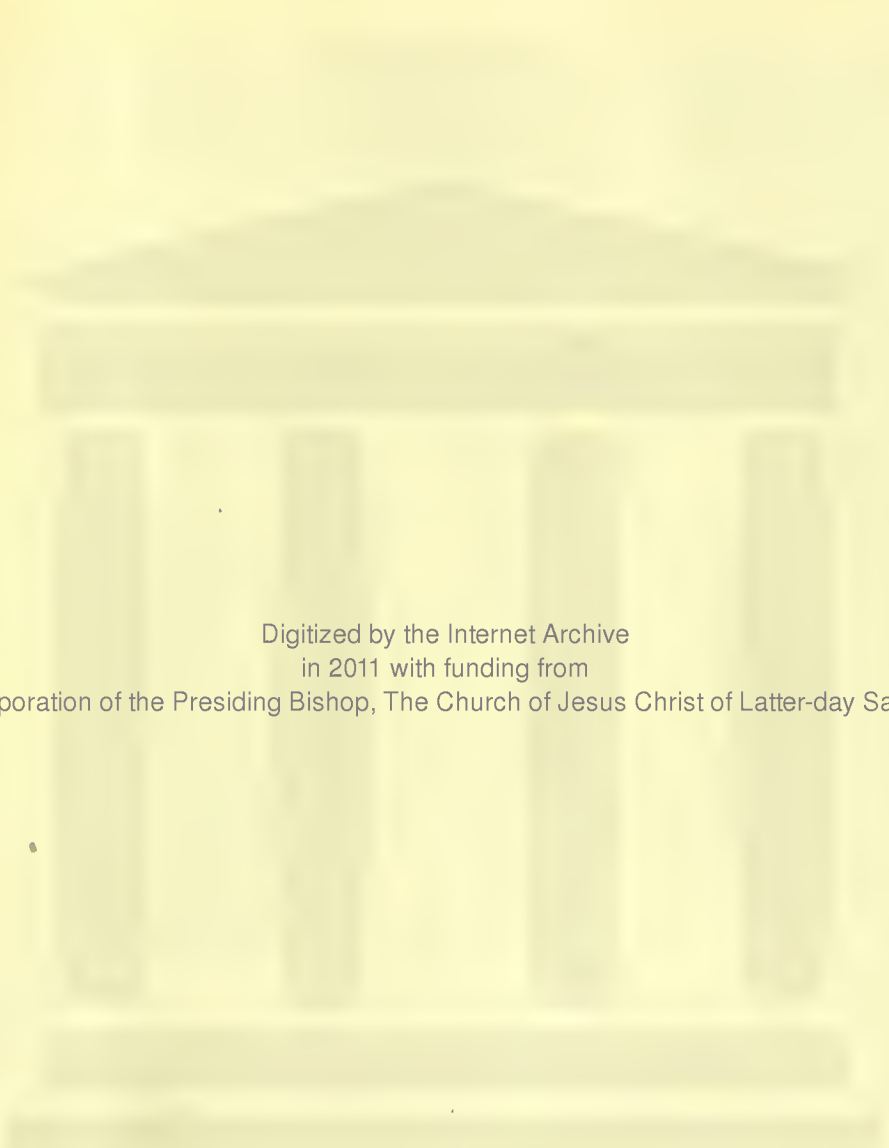
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DIVINE SHEPHERD.

Murillo, 1617-1682.



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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 15, 1907.

No. 12



ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED



"BLOT THEM OUT FROM AGAINST US."

THE inevitable had happened at last. John Jones had waked up and found himself a dead man. While he had known as early in life as he had been able to think of anything, and much sooner than he could express himself clearly, that death was the earthly end of every living thing, and had spoken of his own probable demise frequently and made what preparation he could conveniently, and what he had felt was just and wise, still death had come at last and found him napping.

Yes, both figuratively and literally napping. He had gone to sleep over a rather interesting book, and this awakening was in another world.

Really he should have liked very much to have finished the book, but life had been full of disappointments, and with a sigh of sympathy for himself, he consigned this thwarted hope to the lumber room of his mind where he kept a miscellaneous assortment of such things.

Without any particular volition on his part, John Jones found himself knocking at the closed gates of the "Eternal City." They swung open to admit him, which removed some doubts which had been taking form in his mind as to his entire worthiness to enter there. However they had

opened and as no one questioned his right to enter, he passed in.

It was a beautiful place, as he had anticipated it would be, and arranged exactly as he had thought it would be, when he had paused amidst the rush and cares of a busy life to contemplate the probable perfections of the home of the spirit.

What to do with himself now he was here was beginning to assume the proportions of a problem. The habits he had formed on earth seemed to cling to him still, and he knew he could not idle about long and be happy. There were plenty of people about, but as they paid no attention to him, he was by far too dignified to speak first, or show he was a new arrival by asking questions.

He was beginning to think again how nice it would be if he only had the book he had gone to sleep over when he saw he was just in front of a most inviting entrance to a beautiful building, above whose golden portals were written the words "Public Library."

The interior was beyond his criticism, and the librarian at once made him welcome and comfortable. As his eyes passed over the titles of the books on the first row he saw the name of a fellow townsman. A man who had been his pet aversion. On

closer inspection the book proved to be a biographical sketch. Mr. Jones handed it back to the librarian with the remark, "He was almost a neighbor of mine, and I had about all I wanted of him while I was down there on the earth and would rather read something more interesting."

"Would you like to look over your own biography, compiled by your guardian angel?" asked the librarian, offering him a volume damp from the press and with the leaves still uncut.

Mr. Jones brightened up with new interest and was so intent on the work of cutting the leaves so he could get at the great truths within, that he did not see the smile that hovered for a moment around the kind mouth of the angel.

"John Jones was born," it began, and then it traced his childhood and the unfolding of his intelligence, the development of all the lovable qualities that are summed up in the word heart, the quickening of his spiritual nature, and it was all written with such grace, one might say, with a pen of refined delicacy, dipped in tents of lustrous understanding. Such high appreciation was manifest for all the efforts he had made—every good deed was recounted, every step of progress rejoiced over. For once John Jones felt that he had been thoroughly understood and properly appreciated.

Not but that he was conscious that there had been dark spots in that earthly life, but he tried hard to forget and ignore them. Since they had not been written in the book, why should he remember them? Perhaps, after all, they were not so bad as he himself had thought. But the memory of them pursued him, and to still the insistent voice, he picked up his neighbor's biography and began to read it as a sort of counter-irritant.

One by one, he turned the leaves, surprise giving place to incredulity, while the writer told of high devotion often dumb and meek, of courage in danger, self-denial

where to be generous was to be noble; forgiveness and forbearance under provocation and injury; told how heroically he had risen above temptation and human weakness; with what valor he had fought the good fight and won his reward, coming up through much tribulation.

As John Jones turned the leaves of Tom Smith's biography, he dropped in little scraps of paper here and there, and when the last page was finished, he turned to the librarian and said:

"I have marked some paragraphs in this book to which I wish to call your attention. I don't wish to be understood as finding fault or wishing to interfere in any way here, but there have been some very serious errors made in Mr. Smith's biography. Why, I lived in the same town with that man for more than twenty years. We served in the city council together, and watered our lucern patches from the same irrigation ditch. I got pretty well acquainted with him, I tell you. He's the—" but the look of the librarian hushed the bitter words on his lips.

"Such things as you were about to refer to, even when they have truly existed, are written only in the dreary books of life. Who enter here have made atonement. You did not see your neighbor as he was, only a creature of your own imagination, jealousy, which is an acknowledgement of inferiority, is often at the root of hatreds and feuds, slander and persecution, till the victim of that ignoble passion finds himself arrayed against God, and the welfare of his own soul. I almost think," said the angel pensively, and there seemed to be a certain remoteness between them, "that there is some mistake in your being here. How is the last page of your book finished?"

John Jones opened the book eagerly. He remembered the closing paragraphs, and they were beautiful beyond compare. He would be glad to read them again for the refreshing of his own soul, and that this

angelic librarian hearing the estimation in which he was there held, need not thus withdraw himself. If words could be likened to jewels, truly these that had been written in those closing sentences were fit to make a hero's crown. How dim his eyes were! He could only make out the title of the last chapter. It seemed to be a prayer, and he had not observed it before. He wished he had brought his glasses with him, but who would have thought they would be needed by one who had entered into the angelic perfection of the celestial city.

The librarian answered the unspoken thought.

"You seem to have brought many of your earthly weaknesses with you besides dim eyes. Here are a pair of glasses. Now begin at the very first chapter of your book and read aloud."

Jones turned back to the first page and began: "John Jones was born—" but my goodness what was this! He could not stop reading, and all the mean and unworthy things of his life, either thought or performed, grouped themselves into a very vivid narrative, and shocked him by their truth. The darkest pockets of his soul were turned wrong-side-out for inspection, and as he was reading aloud, quite a number of people came and stood about, seemingly a highly edified and amused audience. He tried to quit reading and argue some of the points, but he could not quit. He tried to read in a lower tone, for it seemed to him by this time that he was shouting those horrible things about as loud as he could. If this place was *heaven*, he wanted none of it himself, he said in his mind, hot with indignation. Only twice on the earth had he experienced anything even approaching the relentless and merciless savor of this experience. Once when he had been compelled to provide a *suitable* switch for a deserved whipping; and another time when he had been forced by the lash called

party loyalty, to nominate that same Tom Smith to a lucrative office he wanted himself, and to make the customary complimentary speech; and then the misery of these moments had never been approached. Was this the book he had read before, and if so, what was the matter with his eyes?

To be deluged with all this at once, and that, too, when he had comfortably forgotten the most of it. Did the merciless writer know nothing of all his suffering and repentance? Did he know nothing of how he had tried to atone, and in many cases had made restitution where that was possible, and in those cases where these things could not be done, he had asked humbly for forgiveness and that they be blotted out from against him?

"So did Tom Smith," said the librarian, "and you insisted that they be put into *his* book."

Poor Jones read on, and on, and could not stop, while his audience grew larger and larger, and he saw many old acquaintances, from whom he had more or less successfully hidden his weaknesses while they were all in the flesh. Never, anywhere, could there ever be any more happiness for him. There could be nothing even approaching the peace and glory of the blessed, if he could not have the association and love of his old friends and neighbors. Now they knew all these things there could be nothing but shame for him in their presence.

From bitter surprise and anger, he passed to a state of wilted woe. As he turned the last leaf, the prayer that had escaped his notice in the first reading, stood out beautifully clear. It was printed in two colors; that which was like the rest of the book, read in an orthodox manner while the smaller type between the lines was a reflection from his own soul, and he knew it without being told.

This he began to read also: "Forgive

me for my sins and blot them out that they may come up against me no more forever," and in parallel with it was: "While I point out the short comings of Tom Smith, and others to exaggerate them and lie in wait to get even." The profound sanctimonious hypocrisy crushed him. With a gasp he closed the book and slid from the chair of pearl and gold to the floor of purest marble. On his knees, with his forehead against the table, he prayed as perhaps he never had prayed before. If he might only be forgiven and all this blotted out from against him, and from the minds of his friends, how gladly he would forgive all men, even Tom Smith. A feeling of peace came over him and refreshing tears brimmed his eyes, and removing the glasses to wipe them, found he was a one with the angel of the library.

"Where are they gone?" asked Jones, looking round.

"It was the glasses you were wearing, and no one has heard this reading but we two, and I shall straightway forget it. You may need to remember it for a while. Because of this sincere prayer and willingness to forgive others, these things are again blotted out from your book of life. I think now you will agree with me that heaven is no place in which to perpetuate the mistakes and sorrows of earth. You will have to go back to earth now and finish that last chapter. I hope it will be like a clasped jewel to the rest of the book"

Jones, in spite of his recent experience, would rather have stayed and began to demur, but the angel beamed a radiant smile in his unwilling face, and he awoke with a start at his own fireside, the half-read book over which he had gone to sleep, lying on the table beside him.

Like Pharaoh of old he had dreamed a dream that had left an impression on his mind. He was not a king, so the dream was not for the people of a kingdom, but

for him. He was too wise to tell it to his friends and neighbors, but wise enough to profit by the obvious lesson.

When he was really trying to see the best there was of people, it really surprised him how much there was to commend. The ugly habit of carping criticism, of attributing wrong motives to acts not understood, of putting the worst construction instead of the best, on the conduct of others, gradually lost all interest or charm for John Jones, and he delighted in all that was of good repute, and in lending encouragement to all who ever made an effort to live right.

A few weeks after this occurrence, John Jones met Tom Smith face to face on the steps of the meeting-house. They had been in the habit of giving each other an icy stare or completely ignoring each other. John Jones went up to Tom Smith and held out his hand. "Tom, old boy, I don't know what we've been mad about all these years, but I'm tired of it. I've acted like a man of very little sense, and am free to own that the blame has been largely mine."

Tom Smith stared at Jones for a full minute before he could believe his ears. Then he shook his hand heartily. "Why, Jones, I don't know either, but ever since you nominated me for the office I hold, I've wanted to shake hands and be friends but you are the bravest man, for I just couldn't. I'm proud of your friendship, and will do all I can to oblige you," said Smith, and he meant it.

Jones went his way with a whimsical smile, and said to himself that is one more item that has to change books.

The time came when John Jones could pray: "Father, forgive my sins and blot them out from against me," and not feel that unlovely things reflected from the secret feelings in his own heart, were coming up between the lines

Ellen Jakeman.

WHAT SOME OF THE BOYS AT DAYTON ARE DOING.

It is said that an old gentleman once asked by the hostess at a dinner if he would like the wing of a chicken, promptly replied, "I do not know, I have never eaten the wing of a chicken. When I was a child the grown people were always given the wing; and now I am a man the children always receive it." This story is at least suggestive of the attention that has been turned to the child during the past century. Many social experiments are at work whose sole aim is helpfulness to the child. It is of one of those experiments which divides its interest between the working class and the children of the vicinity that I wish to write.

A few years ago, while traveling through New York state, I met a gentleman on his way to the Kindergarten Convention then in session in Boston. Only a few days before he had been in attendance at the National Educational Association in Minneapolis. I took it for granted, when he told me where he was going that he was either teaching or supervising school work; consequently I was very much surprised when he told me that his errand at these meetings was to follow closely the trend of modern education, to see what might profitably be introduced among the employees of the firm he represented. "The firm you represent?" said I. "Yes," came the ready response, "I am a delegate of the National Cash Register Co., of Dayton, Ohio." No doubt all of my readers have noticed the National Cash Register. It is to be found in nearly every grocery store in the land, and has proved very valuable to the merchant in carrying on his business.

Then the gentleman continued, "Mr. Patterson, president of the company, is convinced that the most profitable business can be carried on by doing everything to increase the intelligence and promote

the health of the people in his employ. We first of all established gymnasiums for both sexes, taking the cue from the schools. Then we fitted up baths for both men and women. Next we sent to the Pratt Institute and got the best instructor in Domestic Science we could find and trained our women in cookery. They are delighted with the course, and tell us that they live better, and with less expenditure than they could before taking the work. At noon a hot luncheon is served to the women for the nominal fee of five cents, that they may feel independent.

A unique feature of the firm is the suggestion box. Visitors and employees are invited to make suggestions about the work. Eleven hundred of these suggestions have been adopted. One asked, "Why don't you put the brains of this institution on top? Brains need fresh air." In accordance with this thought a story was built above all the surrounding buildings for those who do the taxing mental work.

Said Mr. Townsend in discussing this work a few years ago, no experiment of ours has pleased us more than the boys' gardens, and he told the story of their establishment as follows:

One day while in the West, Mr. Patterson met an elderly man who had lived in Dayton, Ohio, when a boy. The gentleman inquired of Mr. Patterson concerning thirteen men of his own age, sons of prominent families of Dayton. Out of the thirteen men, twelve had died of drink, and the thirteenth was sojourning in Canada, having stolen eight hundred dollars from one of the citizens of the town. Mr. Patterson cast about in his mind, in an effort to discover the cause of these failures. As he looked back on his own life he recalled that his early years had been spent working on a farm, and he felt sure

many of the valuable habits of his life had been formed there."

Finally the habit of establishing boys' gardens occurred to him as a means of bringing to the boys of his neighborhood the advantages he had enjoyed on the farm. In the spring of 1897 a plot of ground was dedicated to this work. Now there are over seventy-one gardens. Each boy has his separate hoe and spade, which are all numbered, and carefully looked after by the head gardener. Each boy must see that his tools are kept clean, and that they are put in their proper places. The instructing gardener teaches the boys the proper method of planting in dry and wet climates. Thus every art known to scientific gardening is taught in a simple practical way.

The boys sow beets with onions. They raise two crops of lettuce and three or four crops of radishes. Peppers are planted with the onions, beans and peas in another part of the garden, and egg plant and cabbages in still another. As an example of what can be raised in these gardens, one boy provided recently his entire family of five with vegetables during the season, and in addition to this cleared five dollars in money. Finally he was given a position in the factory. At the end of the first week he received an advance of fifty cents in his salary. When asked by the foreman where he had learned his industry, he promptly replied, "In my years in the garden."

The total cost to the company of the lots, with the salary of the instructor, and the seeds, tools, and prizes for best gardens, amounts to about three thousand five hundred a year, and the company maintains that it is the best investment it has ever made for the amount of money.

Mr. Patterson has the greatest faith in the future of the boys and girls of South Park, who were formerly known as the "Slidertown Toughs." They made South

Park, where the factory is, so unpopular that building lots sold for two hundred and three hundred apiece. When you are told that the present price is from nine hundred to one thousand five hundred apiece, the figures alone will indicate what these gardens have done in the way of bringing out what is best in the children. They have found by actual observation that the moral training is of the greatest value to these boys. It has cured them of stealing and selfishness by impressing them practically with the necessity of observing the rights of their neighbors. These children have also done much to beautify the front and back yards of their own homes, by growing sweet peas and other plants that cover up a multitude of sins in fences, and present to the eye an attractive picture.

Occasionally, when Mr. Patterson finds a boy unusually apt, he will send him to New York for a week and pay his expenses at the Waldorf Astoria hotel. "The boys always come back," says Mr. Patterson, "with new and helpful ideas for the firm. During the world's fair at St. Louis, all of those employed in the firm were given a trip to the great Exposition at the expense of the firm. Many of the world's most prominent lecturers have appeared before this body of workers at the invitation of those in charge.

We are told that visitors to Dayton, frequently remark to Mr. Patterson that the sort of thing he is doing is very well for the philanthropist, but they are not in the philanthropic business. "We work for money," they say. "So do I," Mr. Patterson invariably replies; nothing pays as well as to produce a class of men and women who have both the ability and the inclination to do all they can for the business. Everything that has been done for the people who have worked for us has paid. The books show that each change has made money for the company. Nowhere in America is there such a body of factory

girls. Nine out of ten are high school graduates. They are serious-minded, well-bred, well-dressed, self-respecting, and profoundly respected.

Are not these tidings of great joy coming from the factory; a place that at all times has seemed to present such serious social and moral problems.

Alice Reynolds.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been.

MAUD MULLER missed her chance, the poet tells us. She might have married the judge, and led a life of ease and luxury; though if she would have really been happier than with the man unlearned and poor, with many children playing around her door, none can tell. However that may be in her particular case, or in any other case, the fact as set forth in the poem is as true today as it was when the judge rode down the hill and saw Maud Muller standing still.

We all miss opportunities in various ways; sometimes we never know it, and so are not saddened by it; but oftentimes, either intentionally or in ignorance or mere thoughtlessness, we do things which sadden our whole after lives and make the poet's words come true. This applies not only to temporal affairs, but also to things spiritual. Often a word of love, of appreciation, turns the whole current of some loved one's life, giving courage to the despondent, strength to the weak.

It might have been, that had we tried we could have turned some weak and erring one from evil by a simple, kindly word or a friendly clasp of the hand. It might have been, if we had watched our own actions more carefully we would not have given room for the oft-repeated words, "Well, if he or she can do this or that, so can I." It might have been, if we have stood firmly by what we knew to be right, others, weaker than we, would

have been made stronger by our example and kept from wrong doing. It might have been, if we had checked in its infancy some expressed opinion or some doubtful assertion, we could have prevented much trouble for others and lasting regret for ourselves. It might have been, if we had not repeated some piece of gossip or scandal, some poor soul might have had a chance for repentance, of forgiveness. It might have been, had we been more charitable for the failings of others, we sometimes would have had the mantle of charity thrown over some action of our own. Let us then look to it that we ourselves are above reproach before we undertake to try, judge and condemn others. If we do this, we shall be too wise and merciful to pass sentence at all.

A great deal of the trouble in this world is caused by thoughtless speech. When bad results follow, are not we held responsible, in a measure, at least, even if the effect were unintentional? And if this is true, few indeed will be found guiltless. Few will be able to raise fearless eyes to the face of the Great Judge of all with no regrets for what might have been. Let us then repent all past errors in this direction and renew our determination to put a guard on our future conduct and words, and to speak evil of none. Let us live up to the teachings of our Savior, have love and charity towards all, and malice toward none, setting a good example for young and old, and doing good to each other.

Each person must work out his own salvation, and must answer for sins of omission and of commission. Each person does a work for good or for evil, and happy the one who chooses the good. If we remember that the individual is the very life of the community, and each take pride in raising the character of that community, great would be the results and happy the people in general. Let us then

begin at home, govern ourselves, set an example for our children and for the children of others, for our neighbors and friends. Then, in the future, when we are nearing the portals of that vast unknown, we will not be burdened with regrets. For truly,

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been.

Annie Malin.

NAY, SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For if but little good is known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it please the human pride
To prove humanity but base?

No, let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known;
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

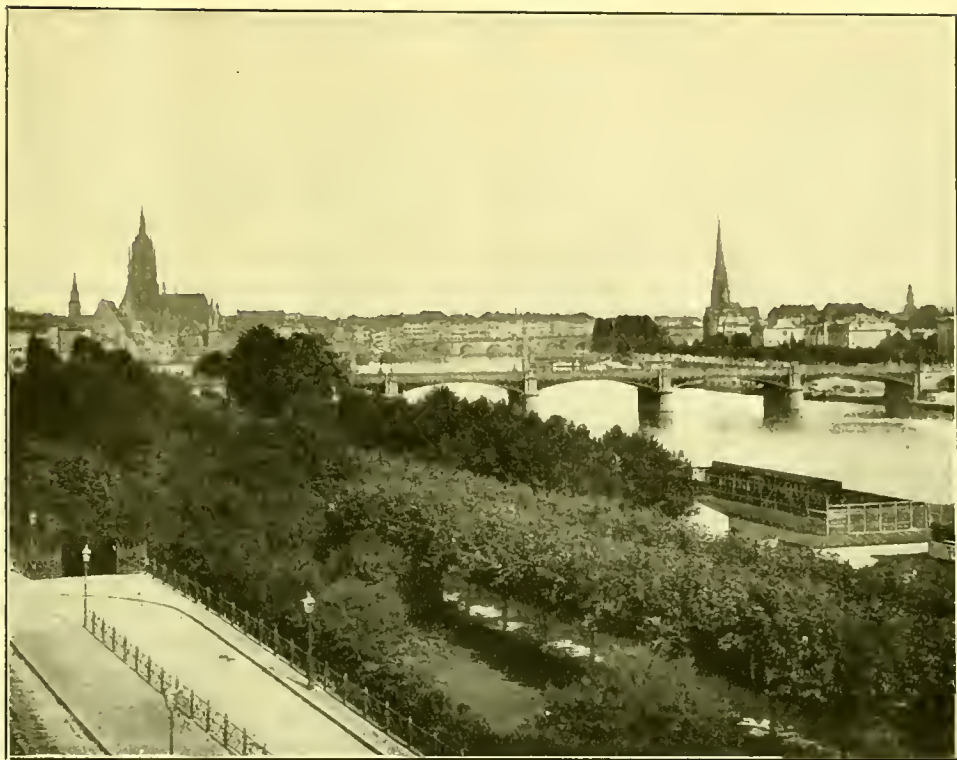
FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

FRANKFORT owes its name to Charlemagne who, one day, while waging war, wandered far into the Teutonic forests. In the battle he was defeated and forced with his Franks to beat a hasty retreat, the enemy in close pursuit. The country was unknown to him and, what was still worse, a fog settled down that he could not see where they were going. Reaching the banks of the Main and realizing that the enemy would soon overtake them, he lingered yet not daring to cross the unknown river. In this extremity, it is said he had recourse to prayer. Immediately the fog lifted and the emperor saw a doe crossing the river, her young one in her mouth; then taking the same way, the army safely landed on the other side, and the fog again falling,

they were hidden from the pursuers. Hence the place was called Francondfurd (ford of the Franks) and in gratitude, Charlemagne built the city of Frankfort.

In later times, the most of the German emperors were chosen at Frankfort from the time of Barbarossa. On the authority of the golden bull of Charles IV, the powerful Hohenstaufens were crowned here. Their portraits hang today in the banquet room of the Town Hall which is called the "Romer." Surrounded by the electoral princes, they showed themselves to the shouting people from the balcony.

After the Vienna Congress of 1816, it was chosen as the seat of the German Diet, and the pompous diplomats of the German states, were often seen on its streets.



THE OLD BRIDGE IN FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

The revolution of 1848 brought it a new and strong era, the beginning of evil days. In 1863 the Emperor of Austria in vain summoned his Congress of Princes hither. In 1866 the final change took place, when General Vogel von Falkenstein occupied Frankfort with his army of the Main, and thus it was annexed to Prussia.

In 1749 an illustrious one was born in Frankfort, namely, Goethe, a poet of world renown. Ludwig Borne was also a native of Frankfort, and a host of kindred spirits represented poetry and letters in their day. It is also the native city of the Rothschild family.

The city became the great center of trade for South-west Germany. Its exchange became a power; the news of its transactions was carried to Paris by pigeon post and the stock-jobbers in Berlin eagerly strove to know whether the rate of exchange would be high or low in Frankfort. Even at the present day, signs indicate that it

will not be long before Frankfort recovers her ancient rights in the monetary world. The Rothschilds, Bertman and others found here a field for their enterprises.

The Roemer or town hall is the most ancient memorial in Frankfort, dating from the days of the free imperial city. Erected in the early part of the fifteenth century, it has been altered many times. Down to the end of the last century, no Jew was allowed to enter it, and in the market place, three stones in the pavement denote that the Jews could not enter beyond that point.

The walk to the old bridge over the Main is through the most squalid portion of the old town. The bridge itself is an imposing structure of red sandstone. It was built in 1342. On the middle of the bridge stands a statue of Charlemagne holding the imperial orb. It was this monument, they thinking he held an apple in his hand, which gave the people the idea

that Charlemagne was the man who invented "appelwein," a drink especially in favor in Frankfort.

The gilded vane, which consists of a cock on an iron rod, has a legendary significance: The devil, it is said, did not approve of the building of the bridge, and claimed of the builder the first living being that should pass over it. This was granted, and as it is always a great satisfaction to out-wit the devil, a poor, half-starved cock was driven over the bridge as soon as it was completed. The form of the gilded weather-cock is in commemoration of this legend.

The father of Charlemagne, Pepin, is said to have been the founder of the Cathedral of St. Bartholomew at Frankfort. The building was not completed until 1512. A great portion of it was destroyed in 1867,

but it has since been restored. At the time of the restoration, the cloisters were completed from old plans, and the tower, which had been unfinished since 1512, was finished from the designs of the original architect, Hans von Ingelnheim, which had been lying among the municipal archives for five hundred years.

In the middle ages, criminals were executed by being thrown into the river from the Main bridge.

At present, Frankfort has a population of upwards of 250,000 inhabitants, and it consists of the old and new part. East of the Cathedral in the Dom Platz is a statue of Luther, erected to commemorate a sermon preached by him in Frankfort while on his way to the Diet of Worms. Near the river in the old part is the Stadel Art Institute, one of the finest art col-



KAISER STREET, IN FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

lections in Europe. It was founded by Herr Johann Frederick Stadel who died in 1816. He was a citizen of Frankfort and bequeathed his pictures and engravings and property to the amount of £100,000 to found a school of art which is now attended by about two hundred students. The old part of Frankfort is uninviting like most of the ancient cities, but the new part beyond the Zeil is beautifully laid out, has many parks and gardens and wide promenades. It is metropolitan, and cosmopolitan, has a progressive spirit, and does not resemble the usual German city. We visited the old part of the town on the following morning, reserving the new part for an evening stroll. How different the people are, as well as the surroundings. In the new part, the intelligent, the well-dressed; in the old, the squalor of the poor. The city is fine in every respect; lit up in the evening, it is grand.

Never will the writer forget the first place visited in Frankfort. Reaching the city about 9 p. m., it was somewhat difficult to find the address which had been given us. Elder Alder, understanding German, soon found the street car we wanted, and we reached a street near by the one desired, but experienced some difficulty in finding our street and number. Outside the building did not look so bad but inside every step proclaimed it the abode of the poor. The sister we wanted lived up two flights of stairs. Inside the front door a lamp was burning which resembled the one in front of the police station; a similar one burned at the top of each staircase. Looking at the staircase, lighted by the dim light, we discerned that, instead of bannisters, a large rope black with age and grime served the purpose. So up and up we went, knocking at a door, it was opened by a kindly woman who knew the sister, "but she is out," she said; "come in and wait a few minutes." On entering and

seating ourselves on the proffered chairs, the eyes of the writer were riveted on the side wall which it seemed would any moment fall out, it was so bulged, as though the building had tottered, then caught itself, remaining in that position. Afraid that it might any moment decide to finish the fall, she sat in a fidget. The good woman did not notice this at all, nor the condition that prevailed within, used to nothing better, perhaps she did not suspect that others were more highly favored. On being asked the address of the Elders, she said: "None of the Saints know, then they can make no mistake by telling." Though she did not herself belong to us, her friend, in whose house we were, did, and she thought the sister was at evening meeting somewhere. She was very kind to us and volunteered to take us to the hotel a few blocks away where our people sometimes put up. She talked agreeably as we walked along, saying "good by" when we stood before the door of the hotel.

"Yes," we could have rooms, one on the second and one on the third floor. "Oh! your president stops here," she said, "and we have had some meetings here." Of course we did not know when or anything about it, and retired at once. On turning down the bed covers, the writer discovered the sheets were damp, and nothing was as good even as a second class hotel should be. Hastily taking out the sheets and hanging them on a clothes tree in the room; she almost ran up stairs to Elder Alder to see if his sheets were the same. Yes, they were wet, too, so his clothes tree was as decorated as the one down stairs, while our traveling wraps were used to sleep in. Early next morning we left to find a better place, which we did almost opposite the house where Goethe was born. The rooms were clean and the beds good and dry, but it took some time to realize that we were not in that first leaning house. It seemed it must be a ship's side that

would be straight when she came up out of the water. So strong was this impression that the writer had looked out of the window once in that house where the coarse curtain was blowing in, expecting to see the ocean. And it so happened that we did not find the Elders located in Frankfort, though we hoped every day to meet them on the street. If we saw Americans coming we scanned them eagerly, longing to see some one from Utah.

Our visit here, though begun under such peculiar conditions, was a very pleasant one. We wandered through the old part down to and across the bridge, filth, ignorance and squalor on every hand, but all seemed happy, they knew nothing else; perhaps would not be happy if better situated. In the new part, beyond the Zeil, we felt we were almost in America, well-dressed people, parks, gardens and stately homes, but those who live here never list-

en to the gospel, in fact they are so hedged about that they never hear it. Still these surroundings are the poet's native air, and inspire the mind with lofty thoughts. But after all what is this all worth compared with the pearl of great price which lies hidden in some obscure part of this glorious city? We dreamed in the parks, rested by the avenue's side, loitered among the statuary, and witnessed a parade, enjoyed the music of the band and entering the hall where the celebration was to be held, admired the grand buildings, and found a firstclass restaurant where we ate during our stay, but for all that we felt a sense of disappointment, for though those we would find were so near, yet they were so far. The greetings of a fellow laborer would have been as a joyous song of birds or murmuring of a stream, because we could "understand."

Lydia D. Alder.

BESSIE WARRINGTON.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

It was about nine o'clock the following morning when, with the door of his room slightly ajar, he heard a familiar voice engaged in discussion in an adjoining room, and from what he could gather, the conversation hinged on some woman who was in distress and for whom the man with the familiar voice expressed sympathy.

Jem felt assured that during the talk he had heard the name Warrington used, and he was sure his own name had been mentioned twice at least.

"If Gersh Rowe is not the owner of that voice, then my name is not Ainsworth," said Jem to himself, at the same time rising from his seat and advancing toward the man.

Gersh Rowe had been, some years before, a close chum of Jem's, and upon the

latter's conversion to the Gospel, had been interested enough to investigate the truth, his lack of courage being the only stumblingblock to prevent him from entering the fold.

"Gersh, old boy, how are you coming?" was Jem's salutation as he let his right hand fall rather heavily on the man's shoulder.

Turning quickly and seeing a stranger—who by the way was superbly attired—before him, the countenance of Gersh at once took on a puzzled expression, and before he had time to interrogate, he was gently led by the arm into Jem's room, and shown a seat.

"Blame me, if it ain't Jem Ainsworth!" exclaimed the man, rising and making a rush to Jem's hand as soon as the latter had closed the door.

"Be seated, Gersh," said Jem, after his

former chum had shaken his hand with a grip that made it tingle. "As I have heard my name and, if I mistake not, the name of the Warrington's mentioned during your conversation in the other room, tell me, old boy, something of the Warrington history since last I was here."

Jem's question was put with a view of learning how he could scheme to see Bessie without himself being seen of her.

"Haven't you heard anything concerning the Warringtons since you came back?" asked Gersh.

"Not a syllable," replied Jem. "In fact, I only arrived here yesterday, and have scarcely been off the doorstep since I put up at this place. But I must venture out today, as I want to see old Lawyer Berrisford about our property here."

Fully half an hour was spent by Gersh in relating to his friend the fateful events that had happened to the Warringtons, all of which information Jem received with great attention.

Pausing for a moment or so, as if in doubt whether to reveal more or not, Gersh, with his voice now reduced to a half-pitiful, half-supplicating tone, told of Bessie's ruinous course, and of her last night's arrest for "battery,"—"and it happened down there, in front of that saloon that you can see on the left side of the street," added the speaker, indicating the spot by the pointing of a finger in that direction. A color between a crimson and a purple instantly manifested itself in Jem's face, his strong, massive frame for a moment quivered, and the next moment he was overwhelmed with grief, profound and acute.

"The dear, dear girl!" he mournfully said in a voice that trembled with emotion, while his eyes welled up with tears; "is it possible," he cried, "is it possible that the 'unfortunate' I saw arrested last night was Bessie Warrington?"

"Yes, Jem, it was Bessie, sure enough,

and I presume she's now having her trial," rather sadly answered Gersh, who was himself somewhat visibly affected. "She has on several occasions been taken in by neighbors and detained until she was sobered up enough to take care of herself," further said Gersh, "but this time the police have got hold of her, and she is now undergoing prosecution, which undoubtedly will result in a heavy fine or imprisonment."

"Bessie Warrington shall never go to jail if I can prevent it," said Jem in a determined tone of voice, at the same time intimating that he would attend court himself and see what could be done to obtain her release.

Within the hour he had taken a seat in the court room; but failing to see any female answering the description of her whose interest he sought, he inquired of the clerk of the court as soon as he could get to speak to him, for some information concerning Bessie's case.

"Her case was the first on the docket, and has already been disposed of," said the official.

Noticing Jem's anxiety in regard to the matter, the clerk told him to wait until court had adjourned, when he would talk with him.

There was nothing to do but to wait until the session was over, at which time Jem again approached the clerk to obtain the information he sought.

"Bessie Warrington was fined forty shillings and seven shillings costs, or one calendar month in jail," answered the clerk.

"Did she pay the fine?" asked the anxious one.

"No, and in default must go to jail," again said the clerk a little haughtily.

"Can I have permission to pay the fine for her?" further questioned Jem.

"Certainly, sir," answered the clerk, looking up with wonderment at the splendidly-attired person before him. "I have

not yet made out her commitment papers, but—”

“Don’t do it” interrupted Jem; “I’ll pay the fine right now,” and suiting the action to the word, he paid the money over to the clerk and politely asked for a receipt for the same.

“An officer will attend to that, and the woman shall be released from custody as speedily as possible,” said the court official.

“But my!” ejaculated he a few moments later, at the same time giving expression to a little English slang, “you have only just saved her, as in a few more minutes I should have made out her commitment papers, and then it would have been all off as far as paying the fine is concerned.”

Summoning a constable, the clerk handed to him a sealed missive, and ordered him to turn the same over to Sergeant Bonner at the police station; “and hurry up,” added he, looking at his watch, “the Derby train leaves here at three o’clock, and you’ve no time to lose. You can accompany him to the police station, sir, if you wish,” said the clerk to Jem, as the bearer of the missive strode from the court-room.

Upon their arrival at the station, the constable and Jem found that the sergeant, after returning the condemned woman to her cell pending train time, had left the building for a short time to attend to other matters that demanded his attention.

The constable was ignorant of the contents of the letter as far as the woman’s release was concerned; and when Jem told the matron of the police station that it was an order for the release of one of the prisoners, she answered that there was but one prisoner just then under detention—one Bessie Warrington, and she was certainly sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail at Derby. “Anyway,” she added, “a sealed document must await the sergeant’s arrival, which I think will not be long.”

“Should the prisoner happen to inquire after her benefactor, tell her to call at room 20 in the Royal Institute,” said Jem turning to leave the premises.

Ten minutes or so later the sergeant had read the letter, and after liberating the prisoner, and inviting her into his private sanctum, read over in her presence the order for her release.

“Somebody still thinks a lot of you, Miss Warrington,” said the sergeant in a rough tone of voice.

“To whom am I indebted for my freedom?” humbly asked Chesterfield’s once respected governess.

“There’s no blamed name given as to who paid your fine; it’s enough for me to see the clerk’s signature, with the stamp of the court seal affixed,” replied Sergeant Bonner.

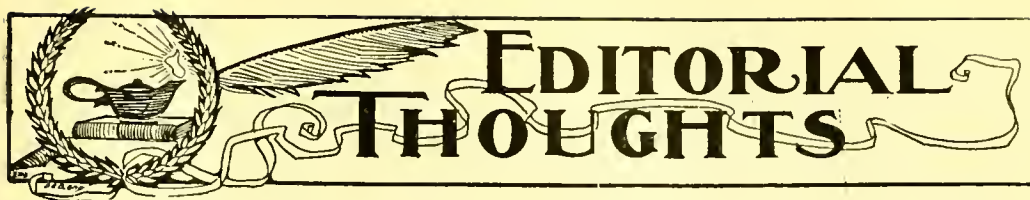
Here the matron referred her to room 20, the Royal Institute.

“It’s probably a representative of the ‘Prisoner’s Aid Society,’ as I hear they are beginning to turn their attention our way,” said the sergeant.

But a few minutes more and Bessie was wending her way along the streets, a free woman. In vain she taxed her mind to think who the person could be to save her in sight of the prison gates, as it were.

“If talking could have saved me,” she said to herself, “I’d have thought it was Mr. Oldham, the school inspector, as he has often expressed his anxiety for my reformation. But he’s taken no notice of me lately, and I presume, like all the rest, he has given me up as incurable. There’s only one person in this world that can ever get me to reform, and he’s—” Here the woman paused, while she resolved in her mind whether it was not her duty to go direct to the Royal Institute and thank the person who had so generously parted with money to save her from jail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - JUNE 15, 1907

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THE UNRULY AGE OF A BOY.



UCH has been said about the unruly age of a boy, a boy from fourteen to sixteen years of age, whose Sabbath School teacher finds him difficult to manage, hard to interest, and frequently indifferent to religious instruction. And questions are often asked, how shall such a boy be managed, how shall he be interested?

Beyond question, that is the most difficult and trying age to deal with a boy, either in the Sabbath or day school. In order, however, to understand a boy of that age, it is necessary to understand the conditions under which he is laboring or struggling. It is the beginning of adolescence. He is changing from the confident, obedient stages of early boyhood to

the beginning of manhood. The new life has set up within him a commotion which renders him uncertain, unstable. He seems to have lost his moorings and his will-power is in its infancy. He has left the guiding influence of others in some measure, and is thrown upon his own will-power to guide him in the conduct of life. The boy is at a period in his life when he is thrown into confusion. He is not without faith, he is not without kindly sentiments, good-will, love and confidence. He is simply confused, and is struggling for some substantial footing.

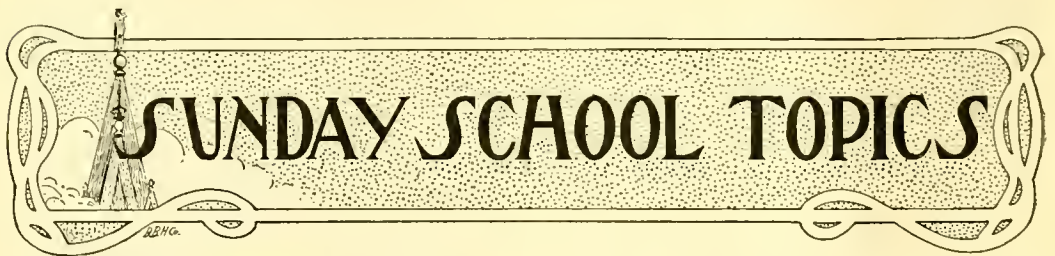
The fact is that he is not a bold, indifferent, bad boy. He is a timid boy, and at no period of his life does he feel so uncertain. He is a victim of the influences which seem to be strongest around him. He has found, for the first time in his life, the necessity of exercising his resisting powers, and those powers are weak, and consequently the boy is a victim of the earlier temptations of life and of the persuasions of his fellow-man. His uncertain footing makes him a prey to ridicule. The new life upon which he has entered creates amazement, and he is more or less dazzled by it.

This being the condition of the boy at that period of life, the further question will naturally be asked, how such a boy should be treated? What discipline is he most in need of? In the first place, the wise teacher should put such a boy at his ease as soon as possible. The teacher should be persuasive and make himself an authority upon which the boy can rely. Such a boy should be met in a most confidential manner, and a serious demeanor should characterize every movement and

every expression of the teacher. No jest, no ridicule should ever be indulged in, which would be likely to awaken a spirit of hilarity. The boy feels queer enough himself. The strange life into which he is entering should not be made to appear a funny life. He should be taught that it is earnest and real. Such a boy should be helped to overcome his self-consciousness as quickly as possible. He is shy and modest, and should be made to forget the conditions from which he has just emerged. He should be made to feel at home, for the world of imagination into which he has entered is all strange and queer to him.

In a word, it is the business of the teacher to lift him out of the chaos and confusion of the new life into a life of certainty. The boy's will-power needs the first attention. Many teachers make the mistake of believing that the boy's heart is at fault, when in fact it is simply the will. His mind needs pacifying and clarifying. His feelings must be appealed to, he must be enthused. An earnest, convincing attitude on the part of the teacher will do much to lift him up and help him to stand erect.

A boy at such an age in life is in need of sympathy. He needs love and confidence. Too often his motives are misunderstood. We say of him that he is at a bad age, as though there was something about his age of life that was making him a bad boy. Now that is not the truth of the matter at all. He is only in an age of confusion, and upon entering a new world he should be taken by the hand and led carefully and thoughtfully until he is able to stand alone. He is entitled to patience until he can find his bearings and study his surroundings and learn something of his new place in the growth from childhood to manhood. The attitude of teachers towards such boys very often simply aggravates their difficulties, makes their confusion more confounded. Such boys, not understanding themselves, are prone to be suspicious of others, and every opportunity for suspicion should be removed, and the boy put in as tranquil a position as possible. His friendship, his love and his confidence should be cultivated. He needs attention. At no period of life does a boy need so much earnest and thoughtful and respectful attention as a boy at the "bad age."



SUPPLEMENTARY SUNDAY SCHOOL EFFORTS.



It is reported in a recent magazine that "thirty-one years ago the 'P. S. A.' (Pleasant Sunday Afternoon) Society was organized at a chapel in West Bromwich, England. Its ob-

ject is 'to give a social direction to religion, and a religious inspiration to social progress. Its meetings are occupied by addresses by interesting speakers. Its motto is 'Brief, Bright, and Brotherly.' The organization now includes 340 societies with a membership of 180,000."

Now, it is not our desire, by any means,

to encourage here the formation of any kind of society that would take from the spirit of the Sunday School, or that would start boys and girls in the habit of club-going. Yet, it is our belief that many of the difficulties of the Sunday School teacher could possibly be overcome by some supplementary efforts at social improvement and we cite the report quoted above, merely to show a well-directed, and laudable effort may, under proper conditions, grow in a short space of time.

It is undoubtedly true that many of our own Sunday School teachers do not get close enough to the children who attend their classes. With by far too many teachers the work of the Sunday School belongs only to Saturday night and Sunday morning. During the week, the Sunday School and its great mission are relegated to some place outside of even sub-consciousness. Sunday School children are even not recognized when met on the street; or, if recognized at all, it is only with a nod of the head, or a warmthless "How are you?"

It is certainly not too much to say that such treatment of the Sunday School and of Sunday School children during week days is reprehensible. Such action is certain to bring disrepute upon the Sunday School work; it is certain to chill the buoyant ardor of Sunday School children; and it is certain to blight what Sunday School love the teacher herself may have cherished at an earlier time. And with all these things destroyed, how can a teacher hope to find inspiration and success in her Sunday morning's work? How can she hope to feel otherwise than she so frequently feels, that she and the Sunday School both are miserable failures.

Now, to such teachers as these remarks fit, and to the hundreds, yes thousands, we hope, of others, too, who take real joy in their Sunday School work, we recommend the little report of the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Society. What does it sug-

gest to you? To us it suggests that we might strive in various ways to get closer to our pupils. How many teachers visit their pupils in their homes and become confidants of their daily pains and joys? We fear that not nearly so many do this as should do it, yet the practice has been preached from the house-tops, almost, ever since the Sunday Schools were organized. And well might such practice be preached, for by following it, more than one noble teacher has become a savior on Mount Zion.

But it is not alone by visiting pupils in their homes and thus cultivating their confidence that the Sunday School teacher can increase the interest of her class, and ever center the interest of her pupils in that class. She can accomplish wonders by encouraging proper social relations. An occasional afternoon or evening gathering at her own home will bring her closer to her pupils than she could possibly anticipate. An occasional afternoon or evening gathering at the home of some member of the class, will bring all the members closer together than they have ever been before, even though they have been playmates together.

Nor is this all. By the encouragement of proper and approved "circles," the Sunday-school class may be made the center of the social life of the developing boys and girls. For example, it should be the aim of every teacher to cultivate a taste for good, healthy literature. Why not then organize the class into a reading circle, and distribute the books of a circulating library? At regular intervals the circle may meet and report on the reading, for the benefit of all. And the reading itself, might be selected from biography, history, fiction, poetry, or what not, as the Sunday school work itself would suggest.

In like manner, other circles might be organized, to meet alternately with that already named, or to replace it altogether,

perhaps, for a time. For example, girls are always interested in all kinds of art needle work, in pyrography and china-painting, in raffia work, and in home gardening and flower culture. Why not make the Sunday School class the center of operations in some such enterprises, giving "a social direction to religion and a religious inspiration to social progress."

So also, the boys are always interested in wood work, or elementary popular science, or elementary agriculture, or in the strong, healthful, outdoor games. Why not make the Sunday School class the center of operations for them? In the case of the boys, too, it would certainly be worth while "to give a social direction to religion and a religious inspiration to social progress."

These thoughts are, of course, not new to the world; nor is it probable that the suggestions can all be carried into effect. However, these few suggestions may possibly call forth others that will be more easily practicable under the conditions, and thus our purpose will be fulfilled. Let us dare to hope, at any rate, that the Sunday School teacher will think frequently of her work from ten o'clock Sunday morning, till ten o'clock the next Sunday morning. Make a business of your Sunday School work, and think about it whenever you can. Plan for it; dream for it; work for it; get close to the children; get them close to you; make your work a business, and, withal, strive to give a social direction to your Sunday School work and a religious inspiration to social progress.



THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE influence of one happy and well-regulated home is far-reaching. Children can be taught more quickly by example than by precept. The father who shows a courteous and chivalrous demeanor in

his home will find his son thoughtful and helpful as regards the mother and sisters. So the girls, imitating a gentle mother, will be patient with noisy or heedless brothers. In such a home a delightful atmosphere pervades the house, for consideration of others born of love is its corner-stone.

TEMPERAMENTAL PROBLEMS.

"LITTLE things make a man happy, and little things make a woman unhappy." Bearing this in mind, the wise housewife will universally have a cheerful greeting for the "bread winner" at the end of each day, in this place of all others—the home, where he longs for security in the affection of his life companion after the daily struggle with fate. If he fails to find this, and in its place is received with an account of all the petty worries incident to the daily housekeeping, he will soon form the habit of looking elsewhere for his pleasure. This may seem a "little thing," but the observance or avoidance of it leads to great results. Meanwhile the husband will do well to bear in mind the "little things" to avoid, the things he knows produce an unhappy frame of mind in his "other half." The observation has been made that "in the case of a great catastrophe, financial or other, women display enormous courage, where their husbands are often prostrated, overwhelmed. Exactly the opposite is true, the positions are reversed in the occurrence of insignificant difficulties during the daily course of existence." It is well for him to remember that "underlying the outward attitude of every woman toward life is her inward attitude." In most cases a woman's sentimental existence is that which colors and forms her deeds. If each will endeavor to understand the mental attitude of the other and not jump to conclusions, it will be easier to produce the requisite atmosphere for a happy home circle.

THE ROOF TREE.

Where it is possible, the home circle should have its foundation in a house owned by its occupant. The occupant of a rented house or apartment never develops an attachment to locality, for if things are not just right he knows he can move at the end of the month or year. Whereas if he owns the house it is his privilege and pleasure to see that little things are made "just right," and the sense of ownership is conducive to home-making in a way never appreciated by the renter. The children will have a feeling of proprietorship not developed in those who live in rented houses; they will have a pride in whatever is done in the way of improving or embellishing their home. The home containing young children should have an attic or unfurnished storeroom where the boys can set up a workbench or the girls a playhouse and feel free to romp and play unmolested—a place their very own. In inclement weather such a room will prove the need for its existence and will be a saving of furniture and rugs in the house proper; for children will play, and they should not feel restricted in their play.

COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS.

If more parents would enter into "part-

nerships" with their children there would be less of what is growing to be an American habit, one greatly to be deplored, the habit of growing apart in interests so that when maturity is reached, and the young man or young woman leaves the parental home for one of their own, often away from the very town or city, they do not feel sufficient interest in the old home to make the effort to return for visits when financially it would mean planning to do so. Why, if parents would, through their intimate relations with their children, make their presence so necessary to the happiness of the children, there would never, in after years, be a question of infrequent letters or visits between parents and children or between the children themselves. In other words let us have community of interests in the home—there is no true "Home Circle" without it. At the end of each day, when the family is together, let each one tell the little happenings of his or her day—the bright bits and the unhappy things too, for such will call forth the sympathy that is so precious to us all—the sympathy of those near and dear to us, and the helpful words of advice from a source we know will put forth nothing selfish or unwise.

The Circle.

I HEAR A VOICE.

I hear a voice, a well-known voice,
In every varied sound;
I hear it in the wandering winds,
Or e'en when they are bound.

I hear it in the dashing waves
That splash the oft-washed shore;
I hear it in the rain that beats
Against my cottage door.

I hear it in the thunder peal,
That breaks the midnight's calm;
I hear it in the breeze at morn,
'Tis then a soothing balm.

Its tone is in the foaming streams
That plow the mountains steep;
This voice is with the countless throng,
Which on the earth doth creep.

It speaks from out the dark, damp cave,
Where wild beasts hide their young;
And from the cuckoo's mellow throat,
When her day's work is done.

'Tis the Creator's voice I hear;
It speaks with mighty power,
Throughout all nature's constant round;
I hear it every hour.

Sarah E. Mitton.

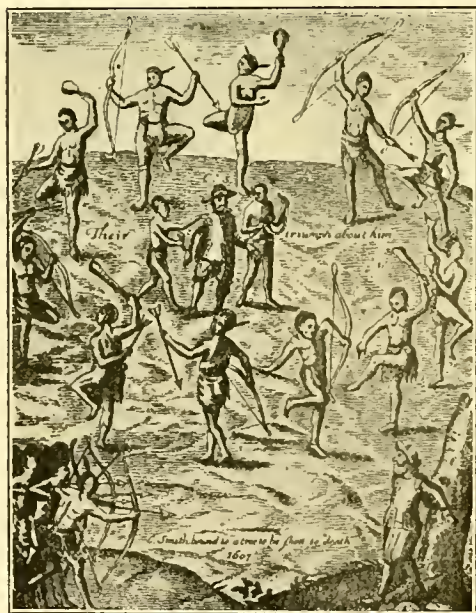
CURRENT EVENTS

THE MOYER--HAYWOOD CASE.

"The greatest legal battle in American history," according to Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader, is now in progress in Boice city, Idaho. William D. Haywood and Charles H. Moyer, together with George A. Pettibone, are on trial for their lives for the murder of Frank Steunenberg, ex-Governor of the state of Idaho.

On December 30, 1905, the ex-Governor opened the gate leading to his house. The next moment he was lying at the point of

death, torn almost limb from limb. A fish-line, one end of which was fastened to a bomb, had been tied to the gate, and as the gate was swung open, the bomb exploded. A patrol was immediately established around the town of Caldwell. Governor Gooding offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers. The Steunenberg family offered another five thousand dollars. James McPartland of the Pinkerton Detective Agency came from New York to take personal control of the investigation. Harry Orchard and Steve Adams were arrested, and a confession was secured from Harry Orchard, which it took McPartland three days to record. According to this account, Orchard



Captain John Smith is made captive by the savages, who dance triumphantly about him, brandishing their bows and arrows, and binding him to a tree.



King Pohatan held this state and fashion when Captain John Smith was delivered to him prisoner in the year 1607.

JAMESTOWN'S IMMORTAL ROMANCE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

confessed twenty-six deliberate murders, all of them planned by an inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners.

The trial now in progress has aroused vast interest throughout the country. The Socialists particularly are interested, since The Western Federation of Miners is one of the great labor organizations of the country. Moreover, interesting decisions in the case have already been rendered by the Federal courts and by the United States Supreme court, and even President Roosevelt has been in the controversy over the arrest of the three indicted men. Concerning them and others of their class, the President says:—

It is a simple absurdity to suppose that, because any man is on trial for a given offense, he is therefore to be freed from all criticism upon his general conduct and manner of life.

But no possible outcome, either of the trial or the suits, can affect my judgment as to the undesirability of the type of citizenship of those whom I mentioned. Messrs. Moyer, Haywood and Debs stand as representatives of those men who have done as much to discredit the labor

movement as the worst speculative financiers or most unscrupulous employers of labor and debauchers of legislatures have done to discredit honest capitalists and fair dealing business men.

They stand as the representatives of those men who, by their public utterances and manifestos, by the utterances of the papers they control or inspire, and by the words and deeds of those associated with or subordinate to them, habitually appear as guilty of incitement to or apology for bloodshed and violence. If this does not constitute undesirable citizenship, then there can never be any undesirable citizens. The men whom I denounce represent the men who have abandoned that legitimate movement for the uplifting of labor, with which I have the most hearty sympathy; they had adopted practices which cut them off from those who lead this legitimate movement. In every way I shall support the law-abiding and upright representatives of labor; and in no way can I better support them than by drawing the sharpest possible line between them on the one hand and on the other hand those preachers of violence who are themselves the worst foes of the honest laboring men.



Just as the execution was to take place, Pocahontas rushed forward, interceding for mercy and compelling the executioners to desist.



Captain John Smith's victory over King Powhatan, in 1608, when he "snatched the King by his long locke, and with his Pistoll readie bent against his breast, led him trembling neare dead with feare."



SELECTIONS



THE CHANGELESS HOLY LAND.

THE exploration of Palestine has been carried on to such an extent, says F. J. Bliss in a volume which he recently published on the subject, that all the fruitful discoveries of the future must come from excavation. The surface of the country is an open book, whose main lessons have been learned. But, on the other hand, "the debris of ages has only just begun to reveal its treasures." Scattered under the soil are countless documents—documents in stone, in metal, in earthenware—documents inscribed and uninscribed, but each waiting to tell its tale of the past."

In view of the fact that the surface of Palestine has been so well explored, it is surprising how little the country is known to the average well-informed person. It is surprising also how little economic progress this ancient land has made. While other countries not so well endowed by nature, have marched in the track of the great progressive nations, Palestine has remained in a very primitive state. The chief reasons for its retardation perhaps are that it is inhabited by a population largely Syrians and Arabs—peoples who are not pioneers of economic advancement; it has long been under Turkish rule—which is not propitious for progress; it has no good ports, in spite of its long coast line.

But it is just this primitiveness—this survival of the old-world conditions, and the sense of unchangeableness in so much that one sees in traversing the same hills and valleys and paths that patriarch and apostle trod in Bible days that constitute the charm of a sojourn in the Holy Land.

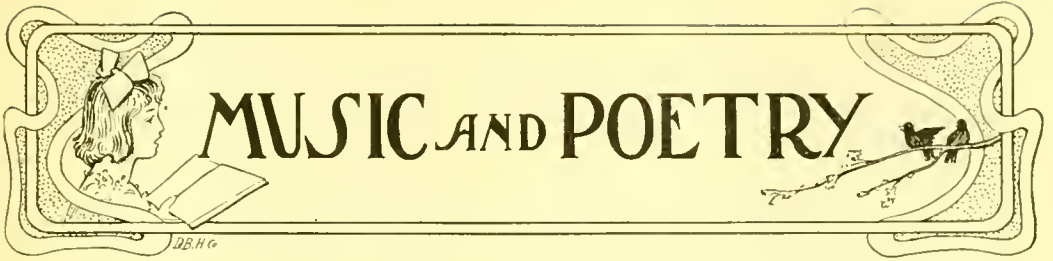
The traveler is impressed by the extent of the survival of the dress and customs of ancient days. In the daily life of the people many things seem unchanged since the days of St. Paul and St. John, although unquestionably in other direc-

tions Western ideas have made an impression. Here may be observed the same low clay houses, so easy for the thief of the night to "break through and steal;" the eastern shepherd leading his flock and calling the sheep, who evidently "know his voice;" fishermen casting and drawing their nets, as they did two thousand years ago; and in the villages the "two women grinding at their mill," preparing meal for their families in probably the oldest manner known to man. The sower sows the seed in the old-fashioned way, the grain is still thrashed on thrashing floors of great antiquity by driving hooped cattle upon it, as was done years ago, so that the injunction, "thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," still has a real meaning in the land. The grain is still winnowed, too, by throwing it in the air to let the breeze blow out the chaff.

Cultivation is carried on with the simplest instruments—the plow is still a crooked piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron. After the day's work the plowman shoulders his plow, and trudges off with it to his village; for the farmers now, as in old days, live in villages rather than on their land. The plow is dragged through the ground by the most incongruous teams, sometimes an ox and an ass being harnessed together, or an ass and a camel. Such a team driven by the farmer in his oriental garb makes a striking picture, one that carries the mind back through centuries. Amid scenes like these, one is constantly being reminded of passages in the Bible, and the phraseology of the scriptures takes on a new and living meaning as incident and scene stir the memory.

While much of the Holy Land is sterile and rugged wilderness, other localities are of extraordinary fertility. Some of the fields have been planted with grain for four thousand years and still produce good crops.

The Circle.



A POWER SUPERNAL.

WHEN the gloomy shroud of darkness,
 At the morn is rent in twain;
 When the latch of night is bolted,
 And the day steps forth again;
 When the monarch of the planets
 Sends a million rays afar,
 Whose supreme approaching advent
 Sets a seal on every star;
 Or when sunset draws the curtain
 O'er the bosom of the west,
 And the lovely morning glories
 Close their eyes as if at rest,
 And the gathering darkness deepens,
 Which before did seem aloof—
 Of a power that is supernal,
 All these things bear ample proof.

Or when nature's wrath is kindled,
 And her furious quick-blown breath
 Wrecks destruction in its pathway,
 Laying hundreds low in death;
 When the lightning's flaming saber
 Stabs the murky breast of night,
 And the clouds, like Arabs tenting,
 Hide the heavenly lamps from sight;
 When the thunder's hideous clatter
 Shakes the mountains in its rage,
 As the roaring of the lion
 Shakes the bars that form its cage,
 Or when rain drops in succession
 Patter, patter on the roof,—
 Of a power that is supernal,
 All these things bear ample proof.

Sarah E. Mitton.

DISOBEDIENCE.

Two mice started out on a frolic one night,
 The way they got at it was really a fright;
 They ran under the stove and under the cupboard,
 And once they ran under poor Jane's mother-hubbard.

My! how she squealed and jumped on the table.

Though for weeks she'd been sick and hadn't been able
 To do one speck of work, or wipe even a dish
 And poor mother had granted her slightest wish.

But the mice didn't care, they ran just the same,

Dick vowed they were racing—he'd give them a game,
 So we sat on our feet just as still as could be,
 The mice thought we'd all gone to bed,
 don't you see?

They stood on their heads and cut up such capers,

Ran up on the shelf to tear up the papers;
 All at once they got quiet. Says one, "I smell cheese,

Just round the corner," then we heard a queer sneeze.

And that was their mother, she'd came just in time.

"You go right to bed you bad children of mine,

No, don't go round the corner, be sure you mind that,

There's where little Swift-heels got into the trap."

"Now, mother, don't worry, I guess we're all right,

Can take care of ourselves, it's such a bright night;

You go back to bed in our cute little room,
 We'll have just one more frolic and come to you soon."

So they played one more game, seemed like it was tag,

Then Squeaky got tired and wanted to lag;
 But Fleet-foot said, "Slowie, d'y'e see that nice bit?

I think before going I'll venture a nip."

You can't have it all, I'm going to have some;
 With that they squared off and began to run,
 Lickerty spliterty, then something went snap.
 And sure enough Dick found them both in
 the trap. H. Y. X.



TWO DREAMS.

LISTEN, my friends, I had a dream,
 While in a foreign land,
 Commissioned and sent of God to preach,
 His Kingdom is at hand.

One night while lying on my bed,
 My body racked with pain,
 I closed my eyes and saw myself
 Returning home again.

Sickness had waged with mortal frame
 A battle, so to speak;
 And though my spirit had willing been,
 The flesh was rendered weak.

With painful, weary step I went
 To see our aged seer,
 Sorrowing that my mission spent,
 Had lasted but a year.

I asked that aged Prophet then,
 While 'neath his kindly eye.
 That I might go abroad again
 The heart to satisfy.

"Go home," he said in kindly way,
 "And take your needed rest;
 Methinks there may yet come a day,
 To grant you your request."

I woke, and lo! New Zealand's sun
 Shed forth its pleasant beam,
 Heralding another day begun,
 The past had been a dream.

Yet when I lived it o'er again,
 Although the time sped fast,
 Stern trial and pain came on amain,
 Until the year was past.

And often times I wondered thus,
 Have dreams their meaning too?
 And will this one so true begun
 Have ending just as true?

* * * * *

A year was past, I dreamed again
 As on my bed I lay,
 A stranger stood beside me then,
 And spoke in kindly way.

"Lift up your head, be firm, rejoice,
 Your trials now are few,
 The rugged past to you was given,
 To prove your calling true."

"Your sufferings will a blessing bring,
 If faithful you remain;
 But do not murmur, though thy lot
 Be marked with trial and pain."

"Satan desires to tempt us all,
 His end is drawing near,
 But seek God's Spirit and success
 Will crown your labors here."

I woke and pondered o'er the past,
 I had but dreamed again;
 The first was but a warning,
 And the second made it plain.

And now, with light and willing heart,
 My labors I pursue,
 Still pressing on toward the prize
 So plainly brought to view.

And knowing in my hours of trial,
 That God will grant me light
 And make the future as the past.
 Though in a dream of night.

P. A. W.



TELL YOUR LOVE.


'Tis well sometimes to stop amid life's whirl
 To scan the web and woof of what we weave;
 A moment spare to think of those we love,
 Take time a kindly sentiment to breathe.

How can the loved ones know they precious are
 If ne'er the voice of love has told them so?
 The weariness of life can well be borne
 Where fragrant flowers in greenest pastures
 grow.

A friendly spirit quickly is discerned—
 And if averted eyes we chance to see,
 Or glance indifferent, as one hurries by,
 A cold hand seems to clutch us suddenly.

Then let not life a waste or desert be,
 Where grasses wither in the burning sand;
 The sweetest flowers oft fade away and die
 For want of nurture from some gentle hand.

Then wait not till the heart is stilled by death,
 The eye is closed, and passive lies the hand;
 Caresses useless; love—though loud expressed—
 Tell your loved you love them while they can
 understand. Lydia D. Alder.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

JULIA AND HER MOTHER.



JULIA LOUISE WILLIAMS was her mother's bosom companion from birth. I was going to say, her mother's favorite child. But Sister Williams is one of those devoted mothers whose very existence is bound up in her children—all of them. And Julia was always so good and loving to her mother that nothing, not even the faintest rattle, ever came between them.

Their home was in the Forest of Dean, Glostershire, England.

Julia was about eleven years old at the time this sketch begins.

The family had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and were looking forward to the time when they might all be gathered home to Zion, away in the valleys of the mountains, in the far western world.

A dear, true friend of the family, who had ardently loved little Julia, and petted her a great deal all her life, had left their town and gone all that long journey away to Utah. And now she wrote to Julia's mother, saying if she would let her little favorite come to her with a company of the emigrating Saints, she would send the money for her fare right away.

It was strange, perhaps, that this proposition from their trusty friend should be hailed with wild delight by the little girl, dearly as she loved and closely as she clung to her mother. But we can understand it, in a degree, when we think of the many wonderful testimonies borne by

thousands of the Latter-day Saints concerning their anxiety to get to Utah as soon as the "spirit of gathering" had rested upon them. That spirit took possession of little Julia; and when her mother asked her, in all tenderness, "Would you, Julia, *could* you, go and leave your mother?" the little girl answered cheerily, "Yes, indeed, I would, mother, for you would come after me, and by and by we should all be there in that lovely mountain home."

But the loving mother answered, "No, no, no! I could not let my little daughter go without me, on any account. Don't talk of it. I could not bear it."

Then the Elders came and visited them, and heard what the friend in Utah had written about sending money for Julia's fare, giving her a home, and taking such good care of her until her parents should follow her. And they said,

"It would be well for you to consider this proposition very carefully, Sister Williams, before deciding upon it. Julia is now a lovely child. She will soon be a very beautiful young woman. If you send her to Utah it will be a beginning for the gathering of your family there, and you will soon all follow her. If you keep her here, she is liable in a few years to marry, perhaps some one not of the same faith as yourselves, and likely never go to Utah, the home of the Saints, at all. This may be the golden opportunity of her life. Do not decide upon it without very earnest prayer to be directed aright."

With this counsel, the Elders went away. And over Julia's mother came the feeling that she must not venture to act contrary

to the advice given by these servants of the Lord, and with that spirit upon her she sat down and wrote an answer to her friend's letter, that she would make her little girl ready, and send her forth as the pioneer of the family to the gathering place of the Saints.

While the mother was writing this letter with an almost breaking heart, the child stood near her, bright and joyous, fairly clapping her hands with delight, at the thought of going home to Zion, where her mother and all her loved ones would soon come to her.

When the letter was ready, Julia took it from her mother's hand and hastened to post it. But as soon as she was gone from the house, half-distracted with the thought of the long separation awaiting them should the letter go on its mission across the sea, the poor mother ran out and called loudly to her little girl, "Come back, Julia, come back!" But nowhere could she see her child, though she ran down through the orchard to the end of the wall, calling her name repeatedly. And thinking Julia in her haste had already passed out of sight and hearing, she returned to the house praying fervently that the cup pressed to her lips might pass without her having to drink it, if possible. And the moment Julia came in, which was very soon, her mother said, "I want you to go right back to the post office, Julia, and tell the postmaster I must have the letter you have just posted, for there is something I forgot to put inside."

"Oh, dear, mother!" answered the child, "you can never have that letter back, for I met the postman going out from Little Dean, and he has taken it on to Noonham."

There was no help for it now,—nothing for the mother but to calm herself and trust all to the Lord.

As soon as possible the answer to her letter came, and with it the money for Ju-

lia's fare all the way to Utah. And then the mother took her little daughter to Gloster, and with dry, sorrowful eyes, saw her start on her long, perilous journey.

Another daughter, one older than Julia, lived out at service in Gloster. To her the mother went, and there her pent-up feelings gave way, and the fountains of her very soul had been broken up. Before, her grief seemed too deep for tears; now it seemed as though she could never again cease sobbing and weeping. After a while she went home. The next day she was taken very ill, and never entirely regained her health afterwards. Such have been some of the sacrifices which the Latter-day Saints have been called upon to make—such the trials they have been called to pass through in proving their loyalty to God and their integrity to His cause.

Sister Williams' family all sympathized with her deeply in her great sorrow. And her eldest son, who had been but recently married, tried to console her by telling her they would certainly all gather to Zion very quickly now, as little Julia had gone ahead and would prove a magnet to draw the others on.

His saying was a true prophecy. All hands did everything they could to earn and save, with the one great object in view. And it was not long before they were all safely landed in the City of the Saints.

"Will you let me go with my mother, now?" asked the smiling little Julia of the dear, true friend who had kept her word, and provided well for the child until her mother came for her.

"Indeed, I will, Julia. I would not think of keeping you from her now," was the answer. And Julia and her mother were again almost constantly together, and so happy in each other's love and confidence.

Julia one day asked her mother this question:

"Why did you call me so that day when

you had given me the letter to post, which was to say I would come to our friend out here?"

"I wanted you to bring me the letter back, that it might not be sent," said the mother; "but how did you know I called you?"

"I heard you," said Julia.

"Heard me! Where were you?" asked the mother.

"In the bend of the wall," said Julia.

"In the bend of the wall!" said the mother. "What were you there for?"

"To hide," said Julia. "Because I knew you wanted to write another answer, and not let me go from you."

"Well, why did you not answer when you heard me call you?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"I could not," said Julia. "I tried to speak, but I could not utter a word. Then I knew that it was the Lord's will that I should go. And when I met the postman and gave him the letter, I felt still more satisfied that what you had written was right, and you ought not to change it."

When Julia was twenty years old, she was happily married to a good young man named Hawkes, who is a true Latter-day Saint. They were married in the temple, and Julia still loving and beloved by all who knew her, had added one more link to her chain of joys and blessings.

Another year passed, and Julia became a mother. And with that experience came the closing scene of her earthly mission. The finale had come—she was dying. The loving ones around her all saw that it must be so.

"I cannot bear it. I cannot—cannot give her up!" wailed the distracted mother. But Julia was going, she was passing swiftly, but quietly away into the new life.

"I cannot, I never can give you up, my child—my Julia!" almost screamed the mother.

Julia opened her eyes and again spoke:

"If you cannot give me up, mother, I will try to stay. Bring me something to eat," she said faintly.

Hope was revived in the hearts of the sorrowing ones. Quickly something was brought for Julia's nourishment. But it was useless—she could taste of nothing. The food was removed, and now a most distressing occurrence took place. Covering her face with her hands, Julia screamed in terror, "Oh, they are shooting at me, oh!"

"No, dear!" the loving voices of her devoted ones said to her—"No one is shooting at you."

"Oh, they are—they are shooting at me! I can smell the powder in my nostrils!" she cried.

Then in a changed, reproachful voice, so unlike her own, the sufferer exclaimed, "You are a cruel mother to call me back when I was just there! And you know that when the Lord calls us, we *must* go!" That was the last sentence spoken by the devoted daughter. Julia's earthly work was finished, and she was gone.

Her mother says the lesson will never be forgotten, so severe was it, so deep the anguish occasioned by those last words. Dearly as she loved her children, she would never again say she could not give them up should the Lord call them.

The story should be a lesson to all who read or hear it, teaching the resignation to the will of the Lord which is indispensable to even a limited degree of happiness, in a life so subject to change and disappointment as the one we are now living.

L. L. G. R.

✱

A JUNE STORY.

KITTIE LOCK has a nice pet. She calls it Prima. It is a dear little bird that sings very sweetly. It seems to know a great deal too. When Kittie opens the door of its pretty wire cage, the bird quietly flits out onto her hand and does not try to fly

away, but acts as though it likes to have its little owner stroke its feathers and hold it up against her face. It seems to know that the cat would hurt it if she could get to it. If pussy comes up to the little girl while she is playing with her bird, it darts into its cage and drops as low as it can as if to hide. But as soon as Kittie shuts the door it hops onto its perch and swings itself very hard, and sings a loud, sweet song of triumph and gladness, as if it meant to say,

Oh joy, little girl, how good,
That I hopped right in, and you let me;
Puss would eat me if she could,
But she cannot, cannot get me.

The bird then dances wildly from end to end of its perch and shakes itself, and Kittie says it laughs a funny chorus, and flaps its little wings as children clap their hands when they are very glad. Then it sings again, and its song sounds now like,

Little girl, I would rather live here
Than up in the tree-tops above you;
With you I have nothing to fear,
And I love you, dear Kittie, I love you.

Kittie went walking on the hills in search of wild flowers one bright June morning. The air was so fresh and sweet and the sky so blue and lovely, the little girl felt very happy, and very grateful for life and health and freedom to walk about and see the beautiful world. By-and-by, Kittie saw some lovely flowers in the grass which she thought she would pluck and carry home to her mama. She ran about in the tall grass and was gathering her arms full of flowers, when suddenly she almost stepped into a nest of young birds. While she was looking at them, she heard the mother-bird chirp plaintively, as if she said, "Do not touch my children, little girl, for I love them dearly and, if any one should steal them or hurt them, I think it would break my heart."

Kittie thought how dearly her own mother loved her, and how grieved she

would be if harm should come to her child. She also thought of her dear little pet bird at home, and how sad it would make her if Prima should be taken away from her. And she said, "Come to your babies if you want to, Mother Bird. I would not be unkind to you, or to them, for anything!" And she walked away so the poor mother should not feel disturbed at her being near the nest any longer. Then Kittie picked more flowers and carried them home. And when she had given them to her mother, she told her what she had seen and heard and thought.

Kittie's mother kissed her and said, "I am very glad my little daughter is a good and kind child. I will teach you some lines that I learned when I was a very little girl. I believe they were written by an English lady whose name was Jane Taylor."

In your play be very careful
Not to give each other pain,
And if others hurt or tease you,
Never do the like again.
God will love the child that's gentle
And who tries to do no wrong;
You must learn then to be careful
Now while you are very young.

Mary Grace.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Work on the Farm.

LYMAN, WYOMING.

We live nine and a half miles from Carter Station on the main road to Lyman. We live near district school No. 8, two and one half miles from the meeting house and postoffice. I like Sunday School. I have two brothers on foreign missions, one in Norway, where they have the midnight sun, the other in Sweden. There are ten missionaries out from this ward. Eight of them are in foreign countries. When my brother that is in Norway heard that there were ten missionaries from this ward, he said "Hurrah for

Lyman! She can send as many missionaries as any other ward. I was a baby when we came to this country. We used to live in Salt Lake Valley. I would like to see the Temple. I haven't seen any city but Evanston. Papa took me there two years ago. We girls plant potatoes in the spring and pick them up in the fall, burn sage-brush, shock grain, go on horseback after the cows, separate the milk and wash the separator.

I am afraid my letter will be too long, so I will close.

CLARA A. WALL, age 12.



Have a Library.

AETNA, ALTA, CANADA.

MY DEAR AUNT LULA:—I have been going to school for a week. I have not been to school much. I hope this writing will reach you. We have been invited to an ice-cream party. Papa is writing a letter to you. Portineus is in the fourth and Rhoda is in the third and I am in the part two. We have a library. We take books home with us. Sister Jensen's baby is dead.

Good by.

SARAH GREENE, 8 years old.



Answer and Charade.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, ALBERTA, CANA.

I am a girl twelve years of age, and I greatly enjoy working out the charades. The one in April 1st by Eula Fletcher is "Benjamin Franklin," and Edwin Andrew Woffinden's is "Baptism." I will send one composed of 19 letters:

6, 7, 8, a toy.

2, 10, 11, a personal pronoun.

9, 4, 8, a part of the body.

17, 18, 6, 6, 10, 3, something we all like.

1, 2, 10, 10, 19, 10, something good to eat.

12, 13, 14, 14, 4, 10, a certain kind of dog.

16, 15, 6, 10, silent.

My whole is the name of one of the earliest explorers.

MAY DAVIDSON.



Answer and Charade.

BEAVER WARD, COLLINSTON, BOX ELDER CO., UTAH.

I think the answer to Edwin Andrew Woffinden's charade in the April 1st number is "Baptism." I will send a charade composed of thirteen letters.

5, 2, 10, 11, 12, 13, is a holiday.

1, 2, 3, is a boy's nick name.

7, 8, 9, is something made by an insect.

1, 5, 8, 13, is a wild animal.

6, 4, 5, is a mean act or speech.

The whole is one among the greatest of Americans.

I am twelve years old.

FLORA WATKINS.



DEAR LITTLE BOY.

'Twas only a bird with a broken wing,
Fluttering painfully, poor little thing;
Striving to reach the home nest in the tree,
Where the birdlets were chirping plaintively;
Poor little bird,

Only a father bird, waiting so long;
Watching so anxiously—hushed his sweet song—
Over the nestlings so tender and cold;
His sorrowful tale, ah, who could unfold.
Poor little bird.

Just a mite of a boy, dear little thing,
Who picked up the bird with the broken wing,
His voice full of love, his eyes filled of tears,
Trying to soothe its pain and its fears;
Dear little boy.

Only a boy, but the Father of all,
Who notes e'en sparrows, wherever they fall;
Shall watch over thee, in pleasure or pain,
His song-birds shall cheer thee again and again.
Dear little boy.

Ruth May For.

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

Curious Advertisements.

"ANNUAL Sale now on—don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come in here."

"Furnished Apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Wanted—A room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"A boy who can open oysters with reference."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

The Circle.



A Startling Discovery.

My doodness, somebody's done an' tooken a bite out o' the moon!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

This Language of Ours.

Baby-powder—Powder to put on babies after bathing them.

Insect-powder—Not a parallel case.

Grass-seed—Seed from which grass is produced.

Bird-seed—Irrelevant again.

Fish-food—Food for fishes to eat.

Sea-food—Different.

Horse shoes—Shoes for horses to wear.

Kid gloves—Rule doesn't hold.

Baby buggy—Buggy for baby to ride in.

Top-buggy—Not a buggy for a top to ride in.

Boot-tree—A tree to shape boots on.

Apple-tree—Not a tree to shape apples on.

Milk-cart—A cart to haul milk in.

Push-cart—Not a cart to haul the push in.

Kitten---A small cat.

Mitten---Not a small mat---*Chicago News.*



How to be Happy, Though Single.

NOT long ago a young lady of Macon, Ga., visited the home of her fiance in New Orleans. On her return home, an old colored woman, long in the service of the family, asked:

"Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"

The engagement not having been announced, the Macon girl smilingly replied:

"Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry."

The old woman's jaw fell. "Ain't dat a pity now!" she said. "But after all, missy, dey do say dat ole maids is the happiest critters there is, once dey quits strugglin'."

Lippincott's Magazine.



The Way of the Child.

A SMALL boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question, "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

The boy sat quite still as if pondering over some question, and then, concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's thirty-one!"

Human Life.

1000.00 REWARD

for the return of the stolen Diamonds, Watches and
Rings, taken from our safe on the night of April, 20, '07.
We have telegraphed for new goods and can supply you soon.



JOHN DAYNES & SONS

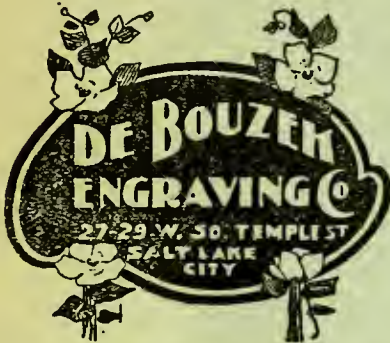
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